

THE  
A R T  
OF PRESERVING  
HEALTH:  
A  
POEM.

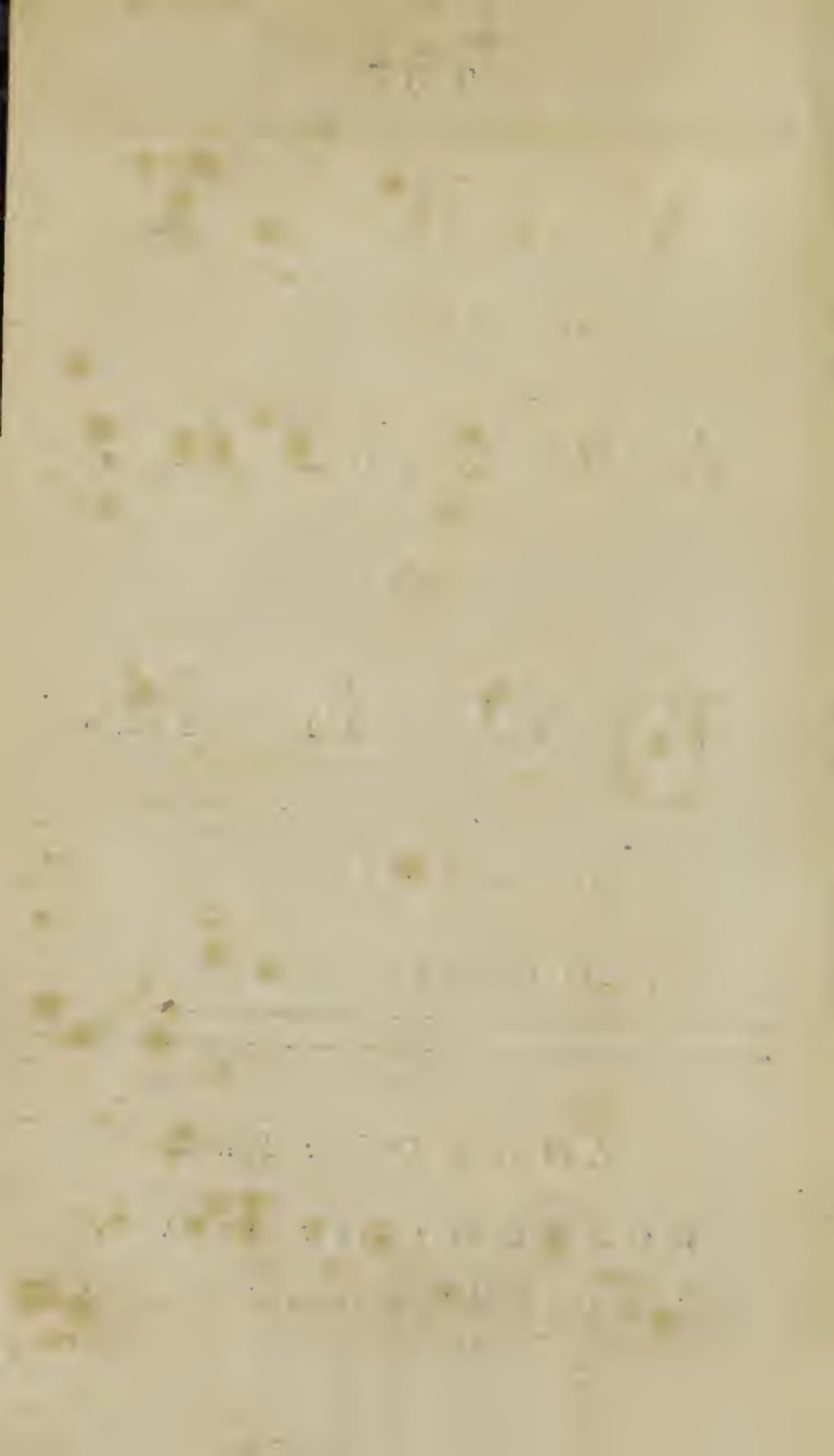
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THE  
A R T  
Of Preserving Health.

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BOOK I.

A I R.

**D**AUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,  
HYGEIA \* ; whose indulgent smiles sustains  
The various race luxuriant nature pours,  
And on th' immortal essences bestows

5 Immortal Youth ; auspicious, O descend !  
Thou, chearful guardian of the rolling year,  
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,  
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,  
Diffusest life and vigour thro' the tracts,  
10 Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain.  
When thro' the blue serenity of heav'n  
Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host  
Of pain and sickness, squalid and deform'd,  
Confounded sink into the loathsom gloom,  
15 Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends

Grow

\* Hygeia, the goddess of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Esculapius : who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæon.

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Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death  
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,  
Swarm thro' the shuddering air: whatever plagues  
Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings  
20 Rise from the putrid wat'ry element,  
The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,  
That smothers earth, and all the breathless winds,  
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;  
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south;  
25 Whatever ills th' extremes or sudden change  
Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce;  
They fly thy pure effulgence: they, and all  
The secret poisons of avenging heaven,  
And all the pale tribes, halting in the train  
30 Of vice and heedless pleasure: or if aught  
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,  
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill combind,  
Portend disastrous to the vital world;  
Thy salutary power averts their rage,  
35 Averts the general bane: and but for thee  
Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

WITHOUT thy cheerful, active energy,  
No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,  
No more the maids of Helicon delight.

40 Come then with me, O Goddess heavenly gay!  
Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,  
And let it wisely teach thy wholesom laws:  
" How best the fickle fabrick to support  
" Of mortal man; in healthful body how  
45 " A healthful mind the longest to maintain."  
'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to chuse  
The best, and those of most extensive use;  
Harder in clear and animated song,

Dry philosophic precepts to convey,  
 50 Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace  
 Of nature, and with daring steps proceed  
 Thro' paths the muses never trod before.

No r should I wander doubtful of my way,  
 Had I the lights of that sagacious mind  
 55 Which taught to check the pestilential fire,  
 And quell the dreaded Python of the Nile.  
 O Thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,  
 Thou long the fav'rite of the healing powers,  
 Indulge, O MEAD ! a well-design'd essay,  
 60 Howe'er imperfect, and permit that I  
 My little knowledge with my country share,  
 Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,  
 And with new graces dignify the theme.

YE who amid this feverish world would wear  
 65 A body free of pain, of cares a mind ;  
 Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air ;  
 Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke  
 And volatile corruption, from the dead,  
 The dying, sick'ning, and the living world  
 70 Exhal'd, to fully heaven's transparent dome  
 With dim mortality. It is not air  
 That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,  
 Sated with exhalations rank and fell,  
 The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw  
 75 Of nature ; when from shape and texture she  
 Relapses in to fighting elements :  
 It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass  
 Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.  
 Much moisture hurts ; but here a fordid bath  
 80 With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more  
 The solid frame then simple moisture can.

Besides, immur'd in many a sullen bay  
 That never felt the freshness of the breeze,  
 This slumbring deep remains, and ranker grows  
 85 With sickly rest : and (tho' the lungs abhor  
 To drink the dun fuliginous abyſs)  
 Did not the acid vigour of the mine,  
 Roll'd from so many thundring chimneys, tame  
 The putrid salts that overswarm the sky ;  
 90 This cauſtik venom would perhaps corrode  
 Those tender cells that draw the vital air,  
 In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd ;  
 Or by the drunken, venous tubes, that yawn  
 In countless pores o'er all the pervious ſkin,  
 95 Imbib'd, would poison the balfamic blood,  
 And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.  
 While yet you breathe, away ! the rural wilds  
 Invite ; the mountains call you, and the vales,  
 The woods, the ſtreams, and each ambroſial breeze  
 100 That fans the ever undulating sky ;  
 A kindly sky ! whose foſt'ring power regales  
 Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.  
 Find then ſome woodland ſcene, where nature smiles  
 Benign, where all her honest children thrive.  
 105 To us there wants not many a happyfeat ;  
 Look round the ſmiling land, ſuch numbers riſe  
 We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.  
 See where enthron'd in adamantine ſtate,  
 Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor ſits ;  
 110 There chufe thyfeat, in ſome aspiring grove,  
 Fast by the ſlowly winding Thames ; or where  
 Broader ſhe lays fair Richmond's green retreats,  
 (Richmond that ſees an hundred villas riſe,  
 Rural or gay) O ! from the ſummer's rage,  
 115 O ! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides

Umbrageouſ

## Preserving H E A L T H.

Umbrageous Ham ! But if the busy town  
Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,  
Sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess  
In Hampstead, courted by the western wind ;

120 Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood ;  
Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds  
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.  
Green rise the Kentish Hills in cheerful air ;  
But on the marshy plains that Essex spreads

125 Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet.  
For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,  
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,  
Quartana there presides ; a meagre fiend,  
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force

130 Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the fens.  
From such a mixture sprung this fitful pest,  
With feverish blasts subdues the sick'ning land :  
Cold Tremors come, and mighty love of rest,  
Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains,

135 That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,  
And rack the joints, and every torpid limb ;  
Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats  
O'erflow ; a short relief from former ills.  
Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine ;

140 The vigour sinks, the habit melts away ;  
The cheerful, pure and animated bloom,  
Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy  
Devour'd, in fallow melancholy clad.  
And oft the sorceress, in her fated wrath,

145 Resigns them to the furies of her train ;  
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend  
Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

IN quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain

*The A-R-T of*

Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake ;  
150 Where many lazy muddy rivers flow :  
Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll,  
Fix near the marshy margin of the main.  
For from the humid soil, and wat'ry reign,  
Eternal vapours rise ; the spungy air  
155 For ever weeps ; or, turgid with the weight  
Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.  
Skies such as these let every mortal shun  
Who dreads the dropsy, palsey, or the gout,  
Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh ;  
160 Or any other injury that grows  
From raw-spun fibres, idle and unstrung,  
Skin ill perspiring, and the purple flood  
In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Y E T not alone from humid skies we pine ;  
165 For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven  
That winnows into dust the blasted downs,  
Bare, and extended wide, without a stream,  
Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph,  
Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.  
170 The lungs grow rigid, and with toil effay  
Their flexible vibrations ; or inflam'd,  
Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.  
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood  
A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide  
175 That flow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins,  
Unactive in the services of life,  
Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'  
The secret mazy channels of the brain.  
The melancholic fiend ( that worst despair  
180 Of physic) hence the rust-complexion'd man  
Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain

# Preserving H E A L T H

Too stretch'd a tone : and hence in climes adust  
So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,  
And burning fevers glow with double rage.

185 ELY, if you can, these violent extremes  
Of air ; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.  
But as the power of chusing is deny'd  
To half mankind, a further task ensues ;  
How best to mitigate these fell extreams,  
190 How breathe unhurt the withering element,  
Or hazy atmosphere : tho' custom moulds  
To every clime the soft Promethean clay ;  
And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd  
(So kind is native air) may in the fens  
195 Of Essex from inveterate ills revive  
At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught :  
But if the raw and oozy heaven offend,  
Correct the soil, and dry the sources up  
Of wat'ry exhalation ; wide and deep  
200 Conduct your Trenches thro' the spouting Bog ;  
Solicitous, with all your winding arts,  
Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream ;  
And weed the forest, and invoke the winds  
To break the toils where strangled vapours lie ;  
205 Or thro' the thickets send the crackling flames.  
Mean time, at home with chearful fires dispel  
The humid air : and let your table smoke  
With solid roast or bak'd ; or what the herds  
Of tamer breed supply ; or what the wilds  
210 Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chace.  
Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,  
But frugal be your cups ; the languid frame,  
Vapid and funk from yesterday's debauch,  
Shrinks from the cold embrace of wat'ry heavens.

215 But neither these, nor all Apollo's arts,  
 Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,  
 Unless with exercise and manly toil  
 You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.  
 The fat'ning clime let all the sons of ease  
 220 Avoid ; if indolence would wish to live.  
 Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year  
 In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch  
 The skin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning blood ;  
 Deep in the waving forest chuse your seat,  
 225 Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air ;  
 And wake the fountains from their secret beds,  
 And into lakes dilate the running stream.  
 Here spread your gardens wide ; and let the cool,  
 The moist relaxing vegetable store  
 230 Prevail in each repast : your food supplied  
 By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,  
 By soft decoction, and a mellowing heat,  
 To liquid balm ; or, if the solid mass  
 You chuse, tormented in the boiling wave ;  
 235 That thro' the thirsty channels of the blood  
 A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow  
 The fragrant dairy from its cool recess  
 Its nectar acid or benign will pour  
 To drown your thirst ; or let the mantling bowl  
 240 Of keen sherbet the fickle taste relieve.  
 For with the viscous blood the simple stream  
 Will hardly mingle ; and fermented cups  
 Oft dissipate more moisture then they give.  
 Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls  
 245 His horrors o'er the world, thou mayst indulge  
 In feasts more genial, and impatient broach  
 The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air  
 Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts

Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.

250 Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs  
Bedew'd, our seasons droop ; incumbent still  
A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul.  
Lab'ring with storms in heapy mountains rise  
Th' im battled clouds, as if the Stygian shades

255 Had left the dungeon of eternal night,  
Till black with thunder all the south descends.  
Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge  
Our melting clime, except the baleful east  
Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks

260 The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk  
Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.  
Good heaven ! for what unexpiated crimes  
This dismal change ! The brooding elements  
Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,

265 Prepare some fierce exterminating plague ?  
Or is it fix'd in the decrees above  
That lofty Albion melt into the main ?  
Indulgent nature ! O dissolve this gloom !  
Bind in eternal adamant the winds

270 That drown or wither : give the genial west  
To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly north :  
And may once more the circling seasons rule  
The year ; not mix in every monstrous day.

MEAN time, the moist malignity to shun

275 Of burthen'd skies ; mark where the dry champain  
Swells into chearful hills ; where Marjoram  
And Thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air ;  
And where the \* Cynorrhodon with the rose  
For fragrance vies ; for in the thirsty soil

280 Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.

There

\* The wild rose, or that which grows upon the wild briar.

There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep  
Ascend, their light thy hospitable fires.  
And let them see the winter morn arise,  
The summer evening blushing in the west ;  
285 While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind  
O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,  
And bleak affliction of the peevish east.  
O ! when the growling winds contend, and all  
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm,  
290 To sink in warm repose, and hear the din  
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights  
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.  
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain  
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,  
295 Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.  
To please the fancy is no trifling good,  
Where health is studied ; for what ever moves  
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just  
And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.  
300 Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes  
The trembling air ; that floats from hill to hill,  
From vale to mountain, with incessant change  
Of purest element, refreshing still  
Your airy seat, and uninfected goods.  
305 Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds  
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides  
Th' etherial deep with endless billows laves,  
His purer mansion nor contagious years  
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.  
310 But may no fogs, from lake, or fenny plain,  
Involve my hill. And wheresoe'er you build ;  
Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the plains  
Wash'd by the silent Lee ; in Chelsea low,  
Or high Blackheath with wint'ry winds assaile'd ; Dry

315 Dry be your house : but airy more than warm,  
 Else every breath of ruder wind will strike  
 Your tender body thro' with rapid pains ;  
 Fierce coughs will teize you, hoarseness bind your voice,  
 Or moist Gravedo load your aching brows :

320 These to defy, and all the fates that dwell  
 In cloister'd air, tainted with steaming life,  
 Let lofty cielings grace your ample rooms ;  
 And still at azure noontide may your dome  
 At every window drink the liquid sky.

325 N E E D we the sunny situation here,  
 And theatres open to the south, commend ?  
 Here, where the morning's misty breath infests  
 More than the torrid noon ? How sickly grow,  
 How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales

330 That circled round with the gigantic heap  
 Of mountains, never felt, nor never hope  
 To feel the genial vigour of the sun !  
 While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames  
 The verdant spring ; in virgin beauty blows

335 The tender lily, languishingly sweet ;  
 O'er every hedge the wanton woobine roves,  
 And autumn ripens in the summer's ray,  
 Nor less the warmer living tribes demand  
 The foſt'ring sun : whose energy divine

340 Dwells not in mortal fire ; whose generous heat  
 Glows thro' the mass of grosser elements,  
 And kindles into life the pond'rous spheres.  
 Clear'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,  
 We court thy beams, great majesty of day !

345 If not the soul, the regent of this world  
 First-born of heaven, and only less than God !



## BOOK II.

### D I E T.

**E**NOUGH of air. A desart subject now,  
 Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight.  
 A barren waste, where not a garland grows  
 To bind the muse's brow ; not even a proud  
 5 Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,  
 To rouse a noble horror in the soul :  
 But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads  
 Thro' endless labyrinths the devious feet.  
 Farewel, ethereal Fields ! the humbler arts  
 10 Of life ; the table and the homely Gods,  
 Demand my song. Elysian gales adieu !

THE blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,  
 The generous stream that waters every part,  
 And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys  
 15 To 'every particle that moves or lives ;  
 This vital fluid, thro' unnumber'd tubes  
 Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again  
 Refunded ; scourg'd for ever round and round,  
 Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets  
 20 Its balmy nature ; virulent and thin  
 It grows ; and now, but that a thousand gates  
 Are open to its flight, it would destroy

The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.  
 Besides, the flexible and tender tubes  
 25 Melt in the mildest, most nectareous tide  
 That ripening nature rolls ; as in the stream  
 Its crumbling banks ; but what the vital force  
 Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,  
 That very force, those plastick particles  
 30 Rebuild : so mutable the state of man.  
 For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,  
 Daily with fresh materials to repair  
 This unavoidable expence of life,  
 This necessary waste of flesh and blood.  
 35 Hence the concoctive powers, with various art,  
 Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle ;  
 The chyle to blood ; the foamy purple tide  
 To liquors, which thro' finer arteries  
 To different parts their winding course pursue ;  
 40 To try new Changes, and new forms put on,  
 Or for the public, or some private use.

NOTHING so foreign but th' athletic hind  
 Can labour into blood. The hungry meal  
 Alone he fears, or aliments too thin,  
 45 By violent powers too easily subdu'd,  
 Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,  
 To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass  
 That salt can harden, or the smoke of years ;  
 Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,  
 50 Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste  
 Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay  
 Infirm and delicate ! and ye who waste  
 With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day :  
 Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid  
 55 The full repast ; and let sagacious age  
 Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

HALF subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food  
 Readiest obeys th' assimilating powers ;  
 And soon the tender vegetable mafs

60 Relents ; and soon the young of those that tread  
 The stedfast earth, or cleave the green abyfs,  
 Or pathless sky. And if the Steer must fall,  
 In youth and vigour glorious let him die  
 Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails,

65 Absolve him ill-requited from the yoke.  
 Some with high forage, and luxuriant eafe,  
 Indulge the veteran Ox ; but wifer thou,  
 From the bleak mountain or the barren downs,  
 Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed ;

70 A race of purer blood, with exercise  
 Refin'd and scanty fare : For old or young,  
 The stall'd are never healthy ; nor the cramm'd.  
 Not all the culinary arts can tame,  
 To wholsome food, th' abominable growth

75 Of rest and gluttony ; the prudent taste  
 Rejects like bane such loathfome lufciousnes.  
 The languid stomach curses even the pure  
 Delicious fat, and all the race of oil ;  
 For more the oily aliments relax

80 Its feeble tone ; and with the eager lymph  
 (Fond to incoporate with all it meets)  
 Coily they mix ; and shun with slippery wiles  
 The woo'd embrace. Th' irresoluble oil,  
 So gentle, late and blandishing, in floods

85 Of rancid bile o'erflows : what tumults hence,  
 What horrors rise, where nauseous to relate.  
 Chuse leaner viands, ye of jovial make !  
 Chuse sober meals ; and rouse to active life

Your cumbrous clay ; nor on th' enfeebling down,

90 Irresolute, protract the morning hours.

But let the man, whose bones are thinly clad,

With cheerful ease, and succulent repast,

Improve his slender habit. Each extreme

From the blest mean of sanity departs.

95 I COULD relate what table this demands,  
Or that complexion ; what the various powers  
Of various foods : but fifty years would roll,  
And fifty more, before the tale were done.

Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange,

100 Peculiar thing ; nor on the skin display'd,  
Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen ;  
Which finds a poison in the food that most  
The temp'rature affects. There are, whose blood  
Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins,

105 Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind,  
Than the moist Melon; or pale Cucumber.

Of chilly nature others fly the board  
Supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal pow'rs  
For coolet, kinder sustenance, implore.

110 Some even the generous nutriment detest,  
Which, in the shell, the sleeping Embryo rears:  
Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts  
Of Pales ; soft, delicious and benign :  
The balmy quintessence of every flower,

115 And every grateful herb that decks the spring ;  
The frost'ring dew of tender sprouting life ;  
The best refection of declining age ;  
The kind restorative of those who lie

Half-dead and panting, from the doubtful strife

120 Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.  
Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,

There is not such a salutary food,  
 As suits with every stomach. But (except,  
 Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,  
 125 And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which  
 You sunk oppres'd, or whether not by all ;)  
 Taught by experience soon you may discern  
 What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates  
 That lull the sicken'd appetite too long ;  
 130 Or heave with feverish flushings all the face,  
 Burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning tongue ;  
 Or much diminish, or too much increase  
 Th' expence which nature's wise œconomy,  
 Without or waste or avarice maintains.  
 135 Such cates abjur'd, let prouling hunger loose,  
 And bid the curious palate roam at will ;  
 They scarce can err amid the various stores  
 That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

LED by sagacious taste, the ruthless king  
 140 Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives :  
 The tyger, form'd alike to cruel meals,  
 Would at the manger starve : of milder seeds,  
 The generous horse to herbage and to grain  
 Confines his wish ; tho' fabling Greece resound  
 145 The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild.  
 Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,  
 Each creature knows its proper aliment  
 But man, th' inhabitant of every clime,  
 With all the commoners of nature feeds.  
 150 Directed, bounded, by this pow'r within,  
 Their cravings are well-aim'd : voluptuous man  
 Is by superior faculties misled ;  
 Misled from pleasure even in quest of joy.  
 Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,

155 With dishes tortur'd from their native taste,  
And mad variety to spur beyond  
Its wiser will the jaded appetite !  
Is this for pleasure ? Learn a juster taste ;  
And know, that temperance is true luxury.

160 Or is it pride ? Pursue some nobler aim.  
Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire  
And earn the fair esteem of honest men,  
Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as yours,  
The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates.

165 Even modest want may bless your hand unseen,  
Tho' hush'd in patient wratchedness at home,  
Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm  
But that which binds the mercenary vow ?  
No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom

170 Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade ?  
No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,  
Or by a heart too generous and humane,  
Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,  
And sigh for wants more bitter than his own ?

175 There are, while human miseries abound,  
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,  
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,  
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

BUT other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,

180 Besides provoking the lascivious taste.  
Such various foods, tho' harmless each alone,  
Each other violate ; and oft we see  
What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,  
From combinations of innoxious things.

185 Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine  
To hermit's diet, needlesly severe.  
But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,

Or husband pleasure ; at one impious meal  
 Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,  
 190 And of each realm. It matters not mean while  
 How much to morrow differ from to day ;  
 So far indulge : 'tis fit, besides, that man,  
 To change obnoxions, be to change inur'd.  
 But stay the curious appetite, and taste  
 195 With caution fruits you never tried before :  
 For want of use the kindest aliment  
 Sometimes offends ; while custom tames the rage  
 Of poison to mild amity with life.

So heav'n has form'd us to the general taste  
 200 Of all its gifts ; so custom has improv'd  
 This bent of nature ; that few simple fools,  
 Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,  
 But by excess offend. Beyond the sense  
 Of light refection, at the genial board  
 205 Indulge not often ; nor protract the feast  
 To dull satiety ; till soft and slow  
 A drowsy death creeps on, th' expansive soul  
 Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.  
 The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,  
 210 Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues  
 The softest food : unfinish'd and deprav'd,  
 The chyle, in all its future wand'rings, owns  
 Its turbid fountain ; not by purer streams  
 So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain.  
 215 To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt  
 Th' unripen'd grape ? Or what mechanic skill  
 From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold ?  
 Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund  
 Of plagues : but more immedicable ills  
 220 Attend the lean extreme. For Physick knows

How to disburden the too tumid veins,  
Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood ;  
But to unlock the elemental tubes,  
Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,

225 And with balsamic nutriment repair  
The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid  
Old age grow green, and wear a second spring ;  
Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,  
Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.

230 When hunger calls, obey ; nor often wait  
Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain :  
For the keen appetite will feast beyond  
What nature well can bear ; and one extreme  
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.

235 Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb  
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers  
Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.  
To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege  
And famine humbled, may this verse be borne ;

240 And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds,  
Long toss'd and famish'd on the wint'ry main ;  
The war shook off, or hospitable shore  
Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy ;  
Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day :

245 Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,  
Than war, or famine. While the vital fire  
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on ;  
But prudently foment the wandering spark  
With what the soonest feels its kindred touch :

250 Be frugal ev'n of that : a little give  
At first ; that kindled, and a little more ;  
Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame  
Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows.

BUT tho' the two (the full and the jejune)  
 255 Extremes have each their vice ; it much avails  
 Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow  
 From this to that : so nature learns to bear  
 Whatever chance or headlong appetite  
 May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues  
 260 The cruder clods by sloth or luxury  
 Collected ; and unloads the wheels of life.  
 Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast  
 Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lours :  
 Then is a time to shun the tempting board,  
 265 Were it your natal or your nuptial day.  
 Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves  
 The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once  
 Might cost you labour. But the day return'd  
 Of festal luxury, the wise indulge  
 270 Most in the tender vegetable breed :  
 Then chiefly when the summer's beams inflame  
 The brazen heavens ; or angry Sirius sheds  
 A feverish taint thro' the still gulph of air.  
 The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup  
 275 From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand,  
 Will save your head from harm, tho' round the world  
 The dreaded \* Causos roll his wasteful firs.  
 Pale humid Winter loves the generous board,  
 The meal more copious, and a warmer fare ;  
 280 And longs, with old wood and old wine, to cheer  
 His quaking heart. The seasons which divide  
 Th' empires of heat and cold ; by neither claim'd,  
 Influenc'd by both ; a middle regimen  
 Impose. Thro' autumn's languishing domain  
 285 Descending, nature by degrees invites  
 To glowing luxury. But from the depth

\* *The burning fever.*

Of winter, when th' invigorated year  
 Emerges ; when Favonius flush'd with love,  
 Toyful and young, in every breeze descends  
 290 More warm and wanton on his kindling bride ;  
 Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks,  
 And learn with wise humanity, to check  
 The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits  
 A various offspring to th' indulgent sky :  
 295 Now bounteons nature feeds with lavish hand  
 The prone creation ; yields what once suffic'd  
 Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young,  
 E'er yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seiz'd  
 The human breast. Each rolling month matures  
 300 The food that suits it most ; so does each lime.

FAR in the horrid realms of winter, where  
 Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste  
 Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole ;  
 There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants  
 305 Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother,  
 Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,  
 Untam'd, untractable, no harvests wave :  
 Pomona hates them, and the clownish God  
 Who tends the garden. In this frozen world  
 310 Such cooling gifts were vain : a fitter meal  
 Is earn'd with ease ; for here the fruitful spawn  
 Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board  
 With generous fare and luxury profuse.  
 These are their bread, the only bread they know ;  
 315 These, and their willing slave the deer, that crops  
 The shrubby herbage on their meager hills.  
 Girt by the burning zone, not thus the south  
 Her swarthy sons, in either Ind, maintains :

Or thirsty Lybia ; from whose fervid loins  
 320 The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams  
 Th' affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,  
 Adust and dry, no sweet repast affords ;  
 Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,  
 So perfect, so delicious, as the stores  
 325 Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood  
 Brews feverish frays ; where scarce the tubes sustain  
 Its tumid fervor and tempestuous course ;  
 Kind nature tempts not to such gifts as these.  
 But here in livid ripeness melts the grape ;  
 330 Here, finish'd by invigorating suns,  
 Thro' the green shade the golden Orange glows ;  
 Spontaneous here the turgid Melon yields  
 A generous pulp ; the Coco swells on high  
 With milky riches ; and in horrid mail  
 335 The soft Ananas wraps its tender sweets.  
 Earth's vaunted progeny : in ruder air  
 Too coy to flourish, even too proud to live ;  
 Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire  
 To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile  
 340 Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn.  
 Here buxom Ceres reigns : th' autumnal sea  
 In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.  
 What suits the climate best, what suits the men,  
 Nature profuses most and most the taste  
 345 Demands. The Fountain, edg'd with racy wine  
 Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.  
 The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs  
 Supports in else intolerable air :  
 While the cool Palm, the Plantain, and the grove  
 350 That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage  
 The torrid hell that beams upon their heads. Now

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead ;  
 Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.  
 I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds  
 355 By mortal else untrod. I hear the din  
 Of waters thundering o'er the ruin'd cliffs.  
 With holy rev'rence I approach the rocks  
 Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.  
 Here from the desart down the rumbling steep  
 360 First springs the Nile ; here bursts the sounding Po  
 In angry waves ; Euphrates hence devolves  
 A mighty flood to water half the East ;  
 And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,  
 The chearles Tanais pours his hoary urn.  
 365 What solemn twilight ! What stupendous shades !  
 Enwarp these infant floods ! Thro' every nerve  
 A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear  
 Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round ;  
 And more gigantic still th' impending trees  
 370 Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.  
 Are these the confines of some fairy world ?  
 A land of Genii ? Say, beyond these wilds  
 What unknown nations ? If indeed beyond  
 Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,  
 375 To what strange regions, or of blifs or pain,  
 That subterraneous way ? Propitious maids,  
 Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread  
 This trembling ground. The task remains to sing  
 Your gifts (so Peon, so the powers of health  
 380 Command) to praise your chrystral element :  
 The chief ingredient in heaven's various works ;  
 Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,  
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine ;  
 The vehicle, the source of nutriment  
 385 And life, to all that vegetate or live.

O COMFORTABLE streams ! With eager lips  
 And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff  
 New life in you ; fresh vigour fills their veins.  
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew ;

390 None warmer fought the fires of human-kind.  
 Happy in temperate peace ! Their equal days  
 Felt not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth,  
 And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd,  
 They knew no pains but what the tender soul  
 395 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.  
 Blest with divine immunity from ails,  
 Long centuries they liv'd ; their only fate  
 Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.  
 Oh ! could those worthies from the world of Gods  
 400 Return to visit their degenerate sons,  
 How would they scorn the joys of modern time,  
 With all our art and toil improv'd to pain !  
 Too happy they ! But wealth brought luxury,  
 And luxury on sloth begot disease.

405 LEARN temperance, friends ; and hear without disdain  
 The choice of water. Thus the \* Coan sage  
 Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every school.  
 What least of foreign principles partakes  
 Is best : the lightest then ; what bears the touch  
 410 Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air ;  
 The most insipid ; the most void of smell.  
 Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides  
 Pours down ; such waters in the sandy vale  
 For ever boil, alike of winter frosts  
 415 And summer's heat secure. The lucid stream,  
 O'er rocks resounding, or for many a mile  
 Hurl'd down the pebbly channel, wholsome yields  
 And mellow draughts ; except when winter thaws,

\* Hippocrates.

And

And half the mountains melt into the tide.

420 Tho' thirst were ne'er so resolute, avoid  
The Fordid lake, and all such drowsy floods  
As fill from Lethe Belgia's flow canals ;  
(With rest corrupt, with vegetation green ;  
Squalid with generation, and the birth  
425 Of little monsters;) till the power of fire  
Has from profane embraces disengag'd  
The violated lymph. The virgin stream  
In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

NOTHING like simple element dilutes

430 The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow,  
But where the stomach, indolently given,  
Toys with its duty, animate with wine  
Th' insipid stream : tho' golden Ceres yields  
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught ;  
435 Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all  
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyss  
Of fermentation spring ; with spirit fraught,  
And furious with intoxicating fire ;  
Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd  
440 Th' embodied mass. You see what countless years,  
Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine,  
The puny wonders of the reptile world,  
The tender rudiments of life, the slim  
Unrav'lings of minute anatomy,  
445 Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain !

WE curse not wine, the vile excess we blame ;

More fruitful than th' accumulated board

Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught  
Faster and surer swells the vital tide ;

450 And with more active poison then the floods  
Of grosser crudity convey, pervades

The far-remote meanders of our frame.  
 Ah ! fly deceiver ! Branded o'er and o'er,  
 Yet still believ'd ! Exulting o'er the wreck  
 455 Of sober Vows ! But the Parnassian maids  
 Another time perhaps shall sing the joys,  
 The fatal charms, the many woes of wine ;  
 Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.

MEANTIME, I would not always dread the bowl,  
 460 Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife,  
 Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels  
 The loitering crudities that burthen life ;  
 And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears  
 Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world  
 465 Is full of chances, which by habit's power  
 To learn to bear is easier then to shun.  
 Ah ! when ambition, meagre love of gold,  
 Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine  
 To moisten well the thirsty suffrages ;  
 470 Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays  
 Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend  
 With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd ?  
 Then learn to revel ; but by slow degrees :  
 By slow degrees the liberal arts are won ;  
 475 And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth  
 The brows of care, indulge your festive vein  
 In cups by well-inform'd experience found  
 The least your bane ; and only with your friends.  
 There are sweet follies, frailties to be seen  
 480 By friends alone, and men of generous minds.

O H ! seldom may the fated hours return  
 Of drinking deep ! I would not daily taste,  
 Except when life declines, even sober cups.  
 Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,

485 With frugal nectar, smooth and slow with balm,  
 The sapless habit daily to bedew,  
 And give the hesitating wheels of life  
 Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys ;  
 And is it wise when youth with pleasure flows,  
 490 To squander the reliefs of age and pain ?

W H A T dext'rous thousands just within the goal  
 Of wild debauch direct their nightly course !  
 Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,  
 No morning admonitions shock the head,  
 495 But ah ! what woes remain ! Life rolls apace,  
 And that incurable disease, old age,  
 In youthful bodies more severely felt,  
 More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime ;  
 Except kind nature by some hasty blow  
 500 Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er  
 Beyond its natural fervor hurries on  
 The sanguine tide ; whether the frequent bowl,  
 High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil  
 Protracted ; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,  
 505 And sows the temples with untimely snow.  
 When life is new, the ductile fibres feel  
 The heart's increasing force ; and, day by day,  
 The growth advances ; till the larger tubes,  
 Acquiring (from their \* elemental veins, 510

\* In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood-vessels are composed of smaller ones ; which by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords of fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensible, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart, and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

510 Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,  
 Sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood.  
 Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse  
 And pressure, still the great destroy the small ;  
 Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.

515 Life glows mean time, amid the grinding force  
 Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes ;  
 Its various functions vigourously are plied  
 By strong machinery ; and in solid health  
 The man confirm'd long triumph, o'er disease.

520 But the full ocean ebbs : there is a point,  
 By nature fix'd, whence life must downwards tend.  
 For still the beating tide consolidates  
 The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still,  
 To the weak throbings of th' enfeebled heart.

525 This languishing, these strength'ning by degrees  
 To hard, unyielding, unelastic bone,  
 Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood  
 Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on ;  
 It loiters still : and now it stirs no more.

530 This is the period few attain ; the death  
 Of nature : thus (so heaven ordain'd it) life  
 Destroys itself ; and could these laws have chang'd,  
 Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate ;  
 And Homer live immortal as his song..

535 WHAT does not fade ? the tower that long had stood  
 The crush of thunder, and the warring winds,  
 Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer, Time,  
 Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.  
 And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,

540 Descend ; the Babylonian spires are sunk ;  
 Achaia, Rome, and Egypt, moulder down.  
 Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,  
 And tottering empires rush by their own weight. This

This huge rotundity we tread grows old ;  
545 And all those worlds that roll around the sun,  
The sun himself shall die ; and ancient Night  
Again involve the desolate abyss :  
Till the great FATHER thro' the lifeless gloom  
Extend his arm to light another world,  
550 And bid new planets roll by other laws.  
For thro' the regions of unbounded space,  
Where unconfin'd omnipotence has room,  
BEING, in various systems, fluctuates still  
Between creation and abhor'd decay ;  
555 It ever did ; perhaps and ever will.  
New worlds are still emerging from the deep ;  
The old descending, in their turns to rise.





## B O O K III.

### E X E R C I S E.

**T**HRO' various toil th' advent'rous muse has past ;  
But half the toil, and more than half, remains.

Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for song ;

Plain, and of little ornament ; and I

5 But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts.

Yet not in vain such labours have we tried,

If ought these lays the fickle health confirm.

To you, ye delicate, I write ; for you

I tame my youth to philosophic cares,

10 And grow still paler by the midnight lamps.

Not to debilitate with timorus rules

A hardy frame ; nor needlesly to brave

Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength ;

Is all the lesson that in wholsome years

15 Concerns the strong. His Care were ill bestow'd

Who would with warm effeminacy nurse

The thriving oak, which on the mountains brow

Bears all the blasts that sweep the wint'ry heav'n.

BEHOLD the labourer of the glebe, who toils

20 In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies :

Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,  
 Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend,  
 He knows no laws by Esculapius given ;  
 He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs  
 25 Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly  
 When rapid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.  
 His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,  
 Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd  
 To every casualty of varied life ;  
 30 Serene lie bears the peevish eastern blast,  
 And uninfect'd breaths the mortal South.

SUCH the reward of rude and sober life ;  
 Of labour such. By health the peasant's toil  
 Is well repaid ; if exercise were pain  
 35 Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these  
 Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons ;  
 And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,  
 Unhurt, thro' every toil in every clime.

TOIL, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves  
 40 Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone ;  
 The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,  
 Mellow'd, and subtiliz'd ; the vapid old  
 Expell'd, and all the rancor of the blood.  
 Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms  
 45 Of nature and the year ; come, let us stray  
 Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk :  
 Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan  
 The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,  
 And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.  
 50 Nor when bright Winter sows with prickly frost  
 The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth  
 Indulge at home ; nor even when 'Eurus' blasts  
 This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.

My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain  
 55 Or fogs relent, no season should confine  
 Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.  
 Go, climb the mountain ; from th' ethereal source  
 Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn  
 Beams o'er the hills ; go, mount th' exulting steed,  
 60 Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch  
 The tainted mazes ; and, on eager sport  
 Intent, with emulous impatience try  
 Each doubtful tract. Or, if a nobler prey  
 Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer ;  
 65 And thro' its deepest solitudes awake  
 The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

BUT if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale  
 Exceed your strength ; a sport of less fatigue,  
 Not less delightful, the prolific stream  
 70 Affords. The chrystral rivulet, that o'er  
 A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,  
 Swarms with the silver fry. Such, thro' the bounds  
 Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent ;  
 Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains ; such  
 75 The Esk, o'erhung with woods ; and such the stream  
 On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,  
 Liddal ; till now, except in Doric lays  
 Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,  
 Unknown in song : tho' not a purer stream,  
 80 Thro' meads more flow'ry, or more romantic groves,  
 Rolls toward the western main. Hail sacred flood !  
 May still thy hospitable swains be blest  
 In rural innocence ; thy mountains still  
 Teem with the fleecy race ; thy tuneful woods  
 85 For ever flourish ; and thy vales look gay  
 With painted meadows, and the golden grain !

Oft,

Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,  
 Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,  
 In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd :

90 Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,  
 With the well-imitated fly to hook  
 The eager trout, and with the slender line  
 And yielding rod sollicite to the shore  
 The struggling panting prey ; while vernal clouds  
 95 And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,  
 And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

FORM'D on the Samian school, or those of Ind.  
 There are who think these pastimes scarce humane.  
 Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)  
 100 His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.  
 But if thro' genuine tenderness of heart,  
 Or secret want of relish for the game,  
 You shun the glories of the chace, nor care  
 To haunt the peopled stream ; the garden yields  
 105 A soft amusement, an humane delight.  
 To raise th' insipid nature of the ground ;  
 Or tame its savage genius to the grace  
 Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems  
 The amiable result of happy chance,  
 110 Is to create ; and gives a god-like joy,  
 Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain  
 To check the lawless riot of the trees,  
 To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.  
 O happy he ! whom, when his years decline,  
 115 (His fortune and his fame by worthy means  
 Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind ;  
 His life approv'd by all the wise and good,  
 Even envy'd by the vain) the peaceful groves  
 Of Epicurus, from this stormy world

120 Receive to rest ; of ungrateful cares  
 Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.  
 Happiest of men ! if the same soil invites  
 A chosen few, companions of his youth,  
 Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends ;

125 With whom in easy cominerce to pursue  
 Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame ;  
 A fair ambition ; void of strife or guile,  
 Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.  
 Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs

130 The visto best, and bests conducts the stream ;  
 Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend ;  
 Whom first the welcome spring salutes ; who shews  
 The earliest bloom, the sweetest, proudest charms,  
 Of Flora ; who best gives Pomona's juice

135 To match the sprightly genius of Champain.  
 Thrice happy days ! in rural business past.  
 Blest winter nights ! when, as the genial fire  
 Chears the wide hall, his cordial family  
 With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,

140 And pleasing talk that starts no timorus fame,  
 With witless wantonness to hunt it down :  
 Or thro' the fairy-land of tale, or song  
 Delighted wander, in fictitious fates  
 Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity ;

145 Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour  
 Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,  
 His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid  
 His festal roof ; while, o'er the light repast  
 And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy ;

150 And, thro' the maze of conversation, trace  
 Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.  
 Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste  
 The native zest and flavour of the fruit,

Where sense grows wild, and takes of no manure)  
 155 The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman,  
 Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl ;  
 And at my table find himself at home.

WHATE'ER you study, in whate'er you sweat;  
 Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils ;  
 160 The tennis some ; and some the graceful dance.  
 Others, more hardy, range the purple heath,  
 Or naked stubble ; where from field to field  
 The sounding coveys urge their labouring flight ;  
 Eager amid the rising cloud to pour  
 165 The gun's unerring thunder : and there are  
 Whom still the \* meed of the green archer charms.  
 He chuses best, whose labour entertains  
 His vacant fancy most : the toil you hate  
 Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

170 As beauty still has blemish ; and the mind  
 The most accomplish'd its imperfect side ;  
 Few bodies are there of that happy mould  
 But some one part is weaker than the rest :  
 The lges, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,  
 175 Or the chest labours. These assiduously,  
 But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,  
 Acquire a vigour and elastic spring,  
 To which they were not born. But weaker parts  
 Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

180 BEGIN with gentle toils ; and, as your nerves  
 Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.  
 The prudent, even in every moderate walk,

At

\* This word is much used by some of the old English poets,  
 and signifies Reward or Prize.

At first but saunter ; and by slow degrees  
 Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise  
 185 Well knows the master of the flying steed.  
 First from the goal the manag'd coursers play  
 On bended reins ; as yet the skilful youth  
 Repress their foamy pride ; but every breath  
 The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells ;  
 190 Till all the fiery mettle has its way,  
 And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.  
 When all at once from indolence to toil  
 You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock  
 Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,  
 195 Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm.  
 Besides, collected in the passive veins,  
 The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,  
 O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs  
 With dangerous inundation : oft the source  
 200 Of fatal woes ; a cough that foams with blood,  
 Asthma, and feller \* Peripneumonie,  
 Or the slow minings of the hectic fire,

TH' athletic fool, to whom what heav'n deny'd  
 Of soul is well compensated in limbs,  
 205 Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels  
 His vegetation and brute force decay.  
 The men of better clay and finer mould  
 Know nature, feel the human dignity ;  
 And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.  
 210 Pursu'd prolixly, even the gentlest toil  
 Is waste of health : repose by small fatigue  
 Is earn'd ; and (where your habit is not prone  
 To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows.  
 The fine and subtle spirits cost too much

215 To

\* *The inflammation of the lungs.*

215 To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm.  
But when the hard varieties of life  
You toil to learn ; or try the dusty chace,  
Or the warm deeds of some important day :  
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs  
220 In wish'd repose, nor court the fanning gale,  
Nor taste the spring. O ! by the sacred tears  
Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, sires,  
Forbear ! No other pestilence has driven  
Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.

225 Why this so fatal, the sagacious muse  
Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace :  
But there are secrets which who knows not now,  
Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps  
Of science ; and devote seven years to toil.

230 Besides, I would not stun your patient ears  
With what it little boots you to attain.  
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows  
Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools boil,  
What signs portend the storm : to subtler minds

235 He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause  
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave ;  
Whence those impetuous currents in the main,  
Which neither oar nor sail can stem ; and why  
The rough'ning deep expects the storm, as sure

240 As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven.

IN ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied  
For polish'd luxury and useful arts ;  
All hot and reeking from th' Olympic strife,  
And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath  
245 Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary'd limbs.  
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'r's  
Of Nard and Cassia fraught, to sooth and heal

The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime  
Not much invites us to such arts as these.

250 'Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace,  
And chilling fogs ; whose perspiration feels  
Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North ;  
'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin  
Too soft ; or teach the recremental fume

255 Too fast to crowd thro' such precarious ways.  
For thro' the small arterial mouths, that pierce  
In endless millions the close-woven skin,  
The baser fluids in a constant stream  
Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.

260 While this eternal, this most copious waste  
Of blood degenerate into vapid brine,  
Maintains its wonted measure ; all the powers  
Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life  
With ease and pleasure move : but this restrain'd  
265 Or more or less, so more or less you feel  
The functions labour. From this fatal source  
What woes descend is never to be sung.  
To take their numbers, were to count the sands  
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Lybian air ;

270 Or waves that, when the blustering North embroils  
The Baltic, thunder on the German shore.  
Subject not then, by soft emollient arts,  
This grand expence, on which your fates depcnd,  
To every caprice of the sky ; nor thwart  
275 The genius of your clime : for from the blood  
Least fickle rise the recremental streams,  
And least obnoxious to the stypic air,  
Which breathe thro' straiter and more callous pores.  
The temper'd Scythian hence, half naked treads

280 His boundless snows, nor rues th' inclement heaven ;  
 And hence our painted ancestors desir'd  
 The East ; nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.

THE body, moulded by the clime, endures,  
 Th' Equator heats, or Hyperborean frost :  
 285 Except by habits foreign to its turn,  
 Unwife, you counteract its forming pow'r.  
 Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less  
 By long acquaintance : study then your sky,  
 Form to its manners your obsequious frame,  
 290 And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.  
 Against the rigours of a damp cold heav'n  
 To fortify their bodies, some frequent  
 The gelid cistern ; and, where nought forbids,  
 I praise their dauntless heart. A frame so steel'd  
 295 Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts,  
 That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism ;  
 The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone,  
 No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.  
 But all things have their bounds : and he who makes  
 300 By daily use the kindest regimen  
 Essential to his health, should never mix  
 With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.  
 He not the safe vicissitudes of life  
 Without some shock endures ; ill-fitted he  
 305 To want the known, or bear unusual things.  
 Besides, the powerful remedies of pain  
 (Since pain in spite of all our care will come)  
 Should never with your prosperous days of health  
 Grow too familiar : For by frequent use  
 310 The strongest medicines lose their healing power,  
 And even the surest poisons theirs to kill.

LET those who from the frozen Arctos reach  
 Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry West,  
 Or the wide flood that waters Indostan,  
 315 Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave  
 Untwist their stubborn pores ; that full and free  
 Th' evaporation thro' the soft'ned skin  
 May bear proportion to the swelling blood.  
 So shall they 'scape the fever's rapid flames ;  
 320 So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.  
 With us, the man of no complaint demands  
 The warm ablution, just enough to clear  
 The sluices of the skin, enough to keep  
 The body sacred from indecent soil.  
 325 Still to be pure, even did it not conduce  
 (As much it does) to health, were greatly worth  
 Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich ;  
 The want of this is poverty's worst woe :  
 With this external virtue, age maintains  
 330 A decent grace ; without it, youth and charms  
 Are loathsome. This the skilful virgin knows :  
 So doubtless do your wives. For married fires,  
 As well as lovers, still pretend to taste ;  
 Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)  
 335 To lose a husband's, than a lover's heart.

BUT now the hours and seasons when to toil,  
 From foreign themes recal my wandering song.  
 Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed,  
 To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage :  
 340 Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame,  
 'Tis wisely done. For while the thirsty veins,  
 Impatient of lean penury, devour  
 The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time  
 To shake the lazy balsom from its cells.  
 345 Now while the stomach from the full repast  
 Subsides ; but ere returning hunger gnaws,

Ye leaner habits give an hour to toil :

And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth  
Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppres.

350 But from the recent meal no labours please,  
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers  
Claim all the wandering spirits to a work,  
Of strong and subtle toil, and great event ;  
A work of time : and you may rue the day

355 You hurried, with ill-seasoned exercise,  
A half concocted chyle into the blood.  
The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm  
Much toil demands : the lean elastic less.  
While winter chills the blood, and binds the veins,

360 No labours are too hard : by those you 'scape  
The slow diseases of the torpid year ;  
Endless to name ; to one of which alone,  
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves  
Is pleasure : oh ! from such inhuman pains

365 May all be free who merit not the wheel !  
But from the burning Lion when the sun  
Pours down his sultry wrath ; now while the blood  
Too much already maddens in the veins,  
And all the finer fluids thro' the skin

370 Explore their flight ; me, near the cool cascade  
Reclin'd, or fauntring in the lofty grove,  
No needless slight occasion should engage  
To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.  
Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve

375 To shady walks and active rural sports  
Invite. But while the chilling dews descend,  
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace  
Of humid skies : tho' 'tis no vulgar joy  
To trace the horrors of the solemn wood,

380 While the soft evening saddens into night :

Tho' the sweet poet of the vernal groves  
 Melts all the night in strains of amorous woe.

THE shades descend, and midnight o'er the world  
 Expands her sable wings. Great nature droops  
 385 Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil  
 Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd  
 A pleasing lassitude : he not in vain  
 Invokes the gentle deity of dreams.  
 His powers the most voluptuously dissolve  
 390 In soft repose : on him the balmy dews  
 Of sleep with double nutriment descend.  
 But would you sweetly waste the blank of night  
 In deep oblivion ; or on fancy's wings  
 Visit the paradise of happy dreams,  
 395 And waken cheerful as the lively morn ;  
 Oppress not nature sinking down to rest  
 With feasts too late, too solid, or too full.  
 But be the first concoction half-matur'd,  
 Ere you to mighty indolence resign  
 400 Your passive faculties. He from the toils  
 And troubles of the day to heavier toil  
 Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks  
 Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,  
 The busy daemons hurl, or in the main  
 405 O'erwhelm, or bury struggling under ground.  
 Not all a monarch's luxury the woes  
 Can counterpoise, of that most wretched man,  
 Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits  
 Of wild Orestes ; whose delirious brain,  
 410 Stung by the furies, works with poisoned thought :  
 While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul ;  
 And mangled consciousness bemoans itself  
 For ever torn ; and chaos floating round.

What dreams presage, what dangers these or those  
 415 Portend to sanity, tho' prudent seers  
 Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame ;  
 We would not to the superstitious mind  
 Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.  
 'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night  
 420 To banish omens, and all restless woes.

IN study some protract the silent hours,  
 Which others consecrate to mirth and wine ;  
 And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night,  
 But surely this redeems not from the shades  
 425 One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail  
 What season you to drowsy Morpheus give  
 Of th' ever varying circle of the day ;  
 Or whether, thro' the tedious winter gloom,  
 You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.  
 430 The body, fresh and vigorous from repose,  
 Defies the early fogs : but, by the toils  
 Of wakeful day, exhausted and unstrung,  
 Weakly resists th' night's unwholsome breath.  
 The grand Discharge, th' effusion of the skin,  
 435 Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies  
 Creep on, and thro' the sick'ning functions steal.  
 So, when the chilling East invades the spring,  
 The delicate Narcissus pines away  
 In hectic languor ; and a slow disease  
 440 Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd  
 To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone  
 To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane ?  
 O shame ! O pity ! nipt with pale Quadrille,  
 And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies !

445 By toil subdu'd, the Warrior and the Hind  
 Sleep fast and deep ; their Active functions soon

With generous streams the subtle tubes supply,  
And soon the tonick irritable nerves  
Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the soul.

450 The sons of Indolence, with long repose,  
Grow torpid ; and, with slowest Lethe drunk,  
Feebly and lingringly return to life,  
Blunt every sense, and powerless every limb.  
Ye, prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)

455 On the hard mattras or elastic couch  
Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth ;  
Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain  
And springy nerves, the blandishments of down ;  
Nor envy while the buried bacchanal

460 Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams.

HE without riot in the balmy feast  
Of life, the wants of nature has supplied  
Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.  
But pliant nature more or less demands,  
465 As custom forms her ; and all sudden change  
She hates of habit, even from bad to good.  
If faults in life, or new emergencies,  
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,  
Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage ;  
470 Slow as the shadow o'er, the dial moves,  
Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

OBSERVE the circling year. How unperceiv'd  
Her seasons change ! Behold ! by slow degrees,  
Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder spring ;  
475 The ripen'd Spring a milder summer glows ;  
Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store ;  
And aged Autumn brews the Winter-storm.  
Slow as they come, these changes come not void

Of mortal shocks : the cold and torrid reigns,  
480 The two great periods of th' important year,  
Are in their first approaches seldom safe :  
Funereal autumn all the sickly dread,  
And the black fates deform the lovely spring.  
He welll advis'd, who taught our wiser fires  
485 Early to borrow Muscovy's warin spoils,  
Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade ;  
And late resign them, tho' the wanton spring  
Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.  
For while the effluence of the skin maintains  
490 Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring  
Glides harmless by ; and Autumn, sick to death  
With fallow Quartans, no contagion breathes.

I IN prophetic numbers could unfold  
The omens of the year : what seasons teem  
495 With what diseases ; what the humid South  
Prepares, and what the Dæmon of the East :  
But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.  
Besides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,  
Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,  
500 Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky,  
And taught already how to each extream  
To bend your life. But should the public bane  
Infect you, or some trespass of your own,  
Or flaw of nature hint mortality :  
505 Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides  
Along the spine, thro' all your torpid limbs ;  
When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels  
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins ;  
Be Celsus call'd : the fates come rushing on ;  
510 The rapid fates admit of no delay.  
While wilful you, and fatally secure,  
Expect to morrow's more auspicious sun,

The growing pest, whose infancy was weak  
 And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway  
 515 O'erpowers your life. For want of timely care  
 Millions have died of medicable wounds.

AH ! in what perils is vain life engag'd !  
 What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy  
 The hardiest frame ! Of indolence, of toil,  
 520 We die ; of want, of superfluity.  
 The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,  
 Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South  
 Be shut ; tho' no convulsive agony  
 Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,  
 525 Th' imprisoned plagues ; a secret venom oft  
 Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.  
 What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen !  
 How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,  
 Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons, and lonely streets !  
 530 Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies,  
 Albion the poison of the Gods has drunk,  
 And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

ERE yet the fell Plantagenets had spent  
 Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field ;  
 535 While for which tyrant England should receive  
 Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,  
 And daily horrors ; till the fates were drunk  
 With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd :  
 Another plague of more gigantic arm  
 540 Arose, a monster never known before,  
 Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head.  
 This rapid fury not, like other pests,  
 Pursu'd a gradual course, but in a day

Rush'd

Rush'd as a storm o'er half th' astonish'd isle,  
 545 And strew'd with sudden carcases the land.

FIRST thro' the shoulders; or whatever part  
 Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung.  
 With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark  
 Shot to the heart, and kindled all within ;  
 550 And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.  
 Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood  
 Gush'd out in smoaky sweats ; but nought assuag'd  
 The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd  
 The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,  
 555 Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,  
 They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream  
 Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still:  
 The restless arteries with rapid blood  
 Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly  
 560 The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'ring heav'd.  
 At last a heavy pain oppres'd the head,  
 A wild delirium came ; their weeping friends  
 Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.  
 Harras'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers  
 565 Lay prostrate and o'erthrown ; a ponderous sleep  
 Wrapt all the senses up : they slept and died.

IN some a gentle horror crept at first  
 O'er all the the limbs ; the slucies of the skin  
 Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd  
 570 The sweats o'erflow'd ; but in a clammy tide :  
 Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow ;  
 Of tinctures various, as the temperature  
 Had mix'd the blood ; and rank with fetid steams :  
 As if the pent-up humors by delay  
 575 Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.

Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd)  
 With full effusion of perpetual sweats  
 To drive the venom out. And here the fates  
 Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.

580 For who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race,  
 Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd :  
 Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd ;  
 Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive :

585 Of those who liv'd some felt a second blow ;  
 And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.  
 frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun  
 The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land  
 Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms :  
 590 Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,  
 Th' infected country rush'd into the town.  
 Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,  
 Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind ;  
 In vain : where'er they fled the Fates pursu'd.

595 Others with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,  
 To seek protection in far-distant skies ;  
 But none they found. It seem'd the general air  
 Was then at enmity with English blood.

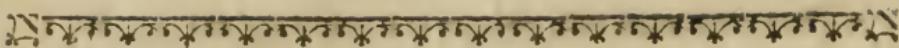
600 For, but the race of England, all were safe  
 In foreign climes ; nor did this fury taste  
 The foreign blood which Albion then contain'd.  
 Where should they fly ? The circumambient heaven  
 Involv'd them still ; and every breeze was bane.

605 Where find relief ? The salutary art  
 Was mute : and, startled at the new "disease,"  
 In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.  
 To heaven with suppliant rites they sent their pray'rs ;  
 Heav'n heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd ;  
 Fatigu'd

Fatigu'd with vain resources ; and subdu'd  
610 With woes resistless and enfeebling fear ;  
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.  
Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,  
Nor ought was seen but ghastly views of death ;  
Infectious horror ran from face to face,  
615 And pale despair. 'Twas all the busines then  
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.  
In heaps they fell : and oft one bed, they say,  
The sickening, dying, and the dead contain'd.

YE guardian Gods, on whom the Fates depend  
620 Of tottering Albion ! Ye eternal fires,  
That lead thro heav'n the wandering year ! Ye pow'rs  
That o'er th' incircling elements preside !  
May nothing worse than what this age has seen  
Arrive ! Enough abroad, enough at home.  
625 Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven  
Has thin'd her cities ; from those lofty cliffs  
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wint'ry reign ;  
While in the West, beyond th' Atlantic foam,  
Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have died  
630 The death of cowards, and of common men ;  
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

But from these views the weeping Muses turn,  
And other themes invite my wandering song.



## B O O K IV.

### The P A S S I O N S.

THE choice of aliment, the choice of air,  
 The use of toil, and all external things,  
 Already sung ; it now remains to trace  
 What good what evil from ourselves proceeds :  
 And how the subtle principle within  
 Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay  
 The passive body. Ye poetic Shades,  
 That know the secrets of the world unseen,  
 Assist my song ! For, in a doubtful theme  
 Engag'd, I wander thro' mysterious ways.

THERE is, they say (and I believe there is)  
 A spark within us of th' immortal fire,  
 That animates and moulds the grosser frame ;  
 And when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,  
 Its native seat ; and mixes with the Gods.  
 Mean while this heavenly particle pervades  
 The mortal elements, in every nerve  
 It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain.  
 And, in its secret conclave, as it feels  
 The body's woes and joys, this ruling power  
 Weilds at its will the dull material world,  
 And is the body's health or malady.

By

By its own toil the gross corporal frame  
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself :

25 Nor less the labours of the mind corrode  
The solid fabric. For by subtle parts,  
And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves  
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.  
By subtle fluids pour'd thro' subtle tubes  
30 The natural, vital functions, are perform'd.  
By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd ;  
The toiling heart distributes life and strength ;  
These the still-crumbing frame rebuild ; and these  
Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

35 But 'tis not Thought (for still the soul's employ'd)  
'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.

All day the vacant eye without fatigue  
Strays o'er the heaven and earth ; but long intent  
On microscopic arts its vigour fails.

40 Just so the mind, with various thoughts amus'd,  
Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain.  
But anxious Study, Discontent, and Care,  
Love without Hope, and Hate without revenge,  
And Fear, and Jealousy, fatigue the soul,

45 Engrofs the subtle ministers of life,  
And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.  
Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears ;  
The Lover's paleness ; and the sallow hue  
Of Envy, Jealousy ; the meagre stare

50 Of fore Revenge : the canker'd body hence  
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

THE strong-built pedant ; who both night and day  
Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,  
And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall ;

55 O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropsey drown'd,  
Or sinks in lethargy before his time.  
With useful studies you, and arts that please,  
Employ your mind, amuse, but not fatigue.  
Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage !

60 And ever may the German folio's rest !  
And some there are, even of elastic parts,  
Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads  
Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,  
And gives to relish what their generous taste  
65 Would else refuse. But may nor thirst of fame,  
Nor love of knowledge urge you to fatigue  
With constant drudgery the liberal soul.  
Toy with your books : and, as the various fits  
Of humour seize you, from Philosophy  
70 To Fable shift ; from serious Antonine  
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

WHILE reading pleases, but no longer, read ;  
And read aloud, resounding Homer's strain,  
And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.

75 The chest so exercis'd improves its strength ;  
And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive  
The restless blood, which in unactive days  
Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes.  
Deem it not trifling while I recommend  
80 What posture suits : to stand and sit by turns,  
As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves  
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,  
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

‘Tis the great art of life to manage well  
85 The restless mind. For ever on pursuit  
Of knowledge bent it starves the grosser powers.

Quite

Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose  
It turns its fatal edge, and sharpen pangs  
Than what the body knows imbitter life.

90 Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of care,  
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind.  
There madness enters ; and the dim-ey'd Fiend,  
Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes  
Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale ;  
95 A mournful visionary light o'erspreads  
The cheerful face of nature : earth becomes  
A dreary desart, and heaven frowns above.  
Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise ;  
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear  
100 Forms out of nothing ; and with monsters teems  
Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath  
A load of huge imagination heaves.  
And all the horrors that the guilty feel,  
With anious flutterings wake the guiltless breast.

105 SUCH phantoms Pride in solitary scenes,  
Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.  
From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind  
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon ;  
It finds you miserable, or makes you so.  
110 For while yourself you anxiously explore,  
Timorous Self-love, with sick'ning Fancy's aid,  
Presents the danger that you dread the most,  
And ever galls you in your tender part.  
Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,  
115 For grim religion some, and some for pride,  
Have lost their reason : some for fear of want  
Want all their lives ; and others every day  
For fear of dying suffer worse than death.  
Ah ! from your bosoms banish, if you can,

120 Those

120 Those fatal guests : and first the Dæmon Fear ;  
 That trembles at impossible events,  
 Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,  
 And heav'n's eternal battlements rush down:  
 Is there an evil worse than fear itself ?

125 And what avails it that indulgent heaven  
 From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,  
 If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,  
 Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own ?  
 Enjoy the present ; nor with needless cares,

130 Of what may spring from blind Misfortune's womb,  
 Appal the surest hour that life bestows.  
 Serene, and master of yourself, prepare  
 For what may come ; and leave the rest to heaven.

OFF from the body, by long ails mistun'd,  
 135 These evils sprung the most important health,  
 That of the mind, destroy : and when the mind  
 They first invade, the conscious body soon  
 In sympathetic languishment declines.  
 These chronic passions, while from real woes  
 140 They rise, and yet without the body's fault  
 Infest the soul, admit one only cure ;  
 Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.  
 Vain are the consolations of the wise,  
 In vain your friends would reason down your pain.

145 Oh ye whose souls relentless love has tam'd  
 To soft distress, or friends untimely slain !  
 Court not the luxury of tender thought :  
 Nor deem it impious to forget those pains  
 That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.

150 Go, lost enthusiast ! quit the cypress groves,  
 Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune  
 Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts

Of men, and mingle with the bustling croud ;  
 Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish  
 155 Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.  
 Or join the caravan in quest of scenes  
 New to your eyes, and shifting every hour ;  
 Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appenines.  
 Or, more advent'rous, rush into the field  
 160 Where war grows hot ; and, raging thro' the sky,  
 The lofty trumpet swells the maddening soul :  
 And in the hardy camp and toilsome march  
 Forget all softer and less manly cares.

BUT most too passive, when the blood runs low,  
 165 Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,  
 And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,  
 Try Circe's arts ; and in the tempting bowl  
 Of poison'd Nectar sweet oblivion drink.  
 Struck by the powerful charin, the gloom dissolves  
 170 In empty air ; Elysium opens round.  
 A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,  
 And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care ;  
 And what was difficult, and what was dire,  
 Yields to your prowess and superior stars :  
 175 The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,  
 Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.  
 But soon your heaven is gone ; a heavier gloom  
 Shuts o'er your head : and, as the thundering stream,  
 Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,  
 180 Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook ;  
 So, when the frantic raptures in your breast  
 Subside, you languish into mortal man ;  
 You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.

For, prodigal of life, in one rash night  
 185 You lavish'd more than might support three days,  
 A heavy morning comes ; your cares return  
 With ten-fold rage. An anxious stomach well  
 May be endur'd ; so may the throbbing head :  
 But such a dim delirium, such a dream,  
 190 Involves you ; such a dastardly despair  
 Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt  
 When, baited round Citheron's cruel sides,  
 He saw too suns, and double Thebes ascend.  
 You curse the sluggish Port ; you curse the wretch,  
 195 The felon, with unnatural mixture first  
 Who dar'd to violate the virgin Wine.  
 Or on the futigive Champain you pour  
 A thousand curses ; for to heaven your soul  
 It rapt, to plunge you deeper in despair.  
 200 Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift,  
 The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,  
 Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine :  
 And wish that heaven from mortals had withheld  
 The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

205 BESIDES, it wounds you sore to recollect  
 What follies in your loose unguarded hour  
 Escap'd. By one irrevocable word,  
 Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.  
 Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand  
 210 Performs a deed to haunt you to your grave.  
 Add that your means, your health, your parts decay ;  
 Your friends avoid you ; brutishly transform'd  
 They hardly know you ; or if one remains  
 To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.  
 215 Despis'd, unwept you fall ; who might have left  
 A sacred, cherish'd sadly-pleasing name ;

A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.  
 Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd  
 All sense and memory of your former worth.

220 How to live happiest ; how avoid the pains,  
 The Disappointments, and disgusts of those  
 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ ;  
 The precepts here of a divine old man  
 I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd  
 225 His manly sense, and energy of mind.  
 Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe ;  
 He still remember'd that he once was young ;  
 His easy presence check'd no decent joy.  
 Him even the dissolute admir'd ; for he  
 230 A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,  
 And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,  
 Much more had seen ; he studied from the life,  
 And in th' original perus'd mankind.

VERS'D in the woes and vanities of life,  
 235 He pitied man : and much he pitied those  
 Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means  
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.  
 Our aim is Happiness : 'tis yours, 'tis mine,  
 He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live ;  
 240 Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.  
 But they the widest wander from the mark,  
 Who thro' the flow'ry paths of faint'ring joy  
 Seek this coy Goddes ; that from stage to stage  
 Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.  
 245 For not to name the pains that pleasure brings  
 To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate  
 Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds  
 Should evr roam : and were the Fates more kind,

Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.

250 Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,  
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain  
That all was vanity, and life a dream.

Let nature rest : be busy for yourself,  
And for your friend ; be busy even in vain

255 Rather than teize her fated appetites.

Who never fasts no banquet e'er enjoys ;  
Who never toils or watches never sleeps.  
Let nature rest ; and when the taste of joy.  
Grows keen, indulge ; but shun satiety.

260 'T is not for mortals always to be bleſt.  
But him the least the dull or painful hours  
Of life oppresſ, whom sober Sense conducts  
And virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.

Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin ;

265 Virtue and Sense are one ; and, trust me, lie  
Who has not virtue, is not truly wife.

Virtue (for meer good-nature is a fool)  
Is sense and spirit, with humanity :

'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds ;

270 'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.

Knaves fain would laugh at it ; some great ones dare  
But at his heart the most undaunted son  
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms  
To nobleſt uses this determines wealth ;

275 This is the ſolid pomp of prosperous days ; ]  
The peace and shelter of adversity.

And if you pant for glory, build your fame  
On this foundation, which the ſecret ſhock  
Defies of Envy and all-fapping Time.

The gawdy gloss of Fortune only ſtrikes  
The vulgar eye : the ſuffrage of the wife,

280 The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd  
By Sense alone, and dignity of mind.

VIRTUE, the strength and beauty of the soul,  
Is the best gift of heaven : a happiness

That even above the smiles and frowns of fate

285 Exalts great Nature's favourites : a wealth  
That ne'er incumbers, nor to baser hands  
Can be transferr'd : it is the only good  
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.

Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd ;

290 Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,  
Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.

But for one end, one much-neglected use,

Are riches worth your care : (for Nature's wants  
Are few, and without opulence supplied.)

295 This noble end is, to produce the Soul ;  
To shew the virtues in their fairest light ;  
To make Humanity the Minister  
Of bounteous Providence ; and teach the Breast  
That generous luxury the Gods enjoy.

300 **T**HUS, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage  
Sometimes declaim'd. Of Right and Wrong he taught  
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard ;  
And (strange to tell !) he practis'd what he preach'd.  
Skill'd in the Passions, how to check their sway.  
305 He knew, as far as Reason can controul  
The lawless' Powers. But other cares are mine :  
Form'd in the school of Paon, I relate  
What Passions hurt the body, what improve :  
Avoid them; or invite them, as you may.

310 **K**NOW then, whatever cheerful and serene  
Supports the mind, supports the body too.

Hence

Hence the most vital movement mortals feels  
Is Hope ; the balm and life-blood of the soul.

It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent heaven

315 Sent down the kind delusion, thro' the paths  
Of rugged life ; to lead us patient on ;  
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.  
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,  
Is Hope ; the last of all our evils, Fear.

320 BUT there are Passions grateful to the breast,  
And yet no friends to Life ; perhaps they please  
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul ;  
Or while they please, torment. The stubborn clown,  
The ill-tam'd Ruffian, and pale Usurer,

325 (If Love's omnipotence such hearts can mould)  
May safely mellow into love ; and grow  
Réfin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.  
Love in such bosoms never to a fault  
Or pains or pleases. But ye finer Souls,

330 Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill  
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,  
That beauty gives ; with caution and reserve  
Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,  
Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares.

335 For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast  
Ferments and maddens ; sick with jealousy,  
Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,  
The wholesome appetites and powers of life  
Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loaths

340 The genial board : your cheerful days are gone :  
The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled.  
To sighs devoted, and to tender pains,  
Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,  
And waste your youth in musing. Musing first

345 Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart :  
It found a liking there, a sportful fire,  
And that fomented into serious love ;  
Which musing daily strengthens and improves  
Thro' all the heights of fondness and romance :  
350 And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,  
If once you doubt whether you love or no.  
The body wastes away ; th' infected mind,  
Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets  
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.  
355 Sweet heaven, from such intoxicating charms, !  
Defend all worthy breasts ! Not that I deem  
Love always dangerous, always to be shunn'd.  
Love well repaid, and not too weakly funk  
In wanton and unmanly tenderness,  
360 Adds bloom to Health ; o'er every virtue sheds  
A gay, humane, and amiable grace,  
And brightens all the ornaments of man.  
But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd  
With jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,  
365 Too serious, or too languishingly fond,  
Unnerves the body, and unmans the soul.  
And some have died for Love ; and some run mad  
And some with desperate hand themselves have slain.

SOME to extinguish, others to prevent,  
370 A mad devotion to one dangerous Fair,  
Court all they meet ; in hopes to dissipate  
The cares of Love amongst a hundred Brides.  
Th' event is doubtful : for there are who find  
A cure in this ; there are who find it not.  
375 'Tis no relief, alas ! it rather galls  
The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.  
For while from feverish and tumultuous joys

The nerves grow languid, and the soul subsides ;  
 The tender Fancy smarts with every sting ;  
 380 And what was Love before is Madness now.  
 Is health your care, or luxury your aim,  
 Be temperate still : when Nature bids, obey ;  
 Her wild impatient fallies bear no curb.  
 But when the prurient habit of delight,  
 385 Or loose imagination, spurs you on  
 To deeds above your strength, impute it not  
 To Nature : Nature all compulsion hates.  
 Ah ! let nor luxury nor vain renown  
 Urge you to feats you well might sleep without ;  
 390 To make what should be rapture a fatigue,  
 A tedious task ; nor in the wanton arms  
 Of twining Laïs melt your manhood down.  
 For from the colliquation of soft joys  
 How chang'd you rise ! the ghost of what you was  
 395 Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan ;  
 Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.  
 Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood  
 Grows vapid phlegm ; along the tender nerves  
 (To each slight impulse tremblingly awake)  
 400 A subtle Fiend that mimics all the plagues,  
 Rapid and restless, springs from part to part.  
 The blooming honours of your youth are fallen ;  
 Your vigour pines ; your vital powers decay ;  
 Diseases haunt you ; and untimely Age  
 405 Creeps on ; unsocial, impotent, and lewd.  
 Infatuate, impious epicure ! to waste  
 The stores of pleasure, chearfulness, and health !  
 Infatuate all who make delight their trade,  
 And coy perdition every hour pursue.

410 WHO pines with Love, or in lascivious flames  
Consumes, is with his own consent undone :  
He chuses to be wretched, to be mad ;  
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.  
415 Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,  
And shakes to ruins proud philosophy.  
For pale and trembling Anger rushes in,  
With fault'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare ;  
Fierce as the Tyger, madder than the seas,  
420 Desperate, and arm'd with more than human strength.  
How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man,  
Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend !  
Who pines in Love, or wastes with silent Cares,  
Envy, or Ignominy, or tender Grief,  
425 Slowly descends, and ling'ring to the shades.  
But he whom Anger stings, drops, if he dies,  
At once, and rushes apoplectic down ;  
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.  
For, as the Body thro' unnumber'd strings  
430 Reverberates each vibration of the Soul ;  
As is the Passion, such is still the Pain  
The Body feels ; or chronic, or acute.  
And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpowers  
The Life, or gives your Reason to the winds.  
435 Such fates attend the rash alarm of Fear,  
And sudden Grief, and Rage, and sudden Joy.

THERE are, mean time, to whom the boist'rous fit  
Is health, and only fills the sails of life.

For where the Mind a torpid winter leads,

440 Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,  
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on ;  
A generous sally spurns th' incumbent load,

Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.  
 But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,  
 445 Or are your nerves too irritably strung ;  
 Wave all Dispute ; be cautious if you joke ;  
 Keep Lent for ever ; and forswear the bowl.  
 For one rash moment sends you to the shades,  
 Or shatters every hopeful scheme of life,  
 450 And gives to horror all your days to come.  
 Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and every plague  
 That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,  
 And makes the happy wretched in an hour,  
 O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible  
 455 As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

WHILE choler works, good friend, you may be  
 wrong ;  
 Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.  
 'Tis not too late to morrow to be brave ;  
 If Honour bids, to morrow kill or die.  
 460 But calm advice against a raging fit  
 Avails too little ; and it tries the power  
 Of all that ever taught in Prose or Song,  
 To tame the Fiend that sleeps a gentle Lamb,  
 And wakes a Lion. Unprovok'd and calm,  
 465 You reason well, see as you ought to see,  
 And wonder at the madness of mankind :  
 Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget  
 The speculations of your wiser hours.  
 Beset with Furies of all deadly shapes,  
 470 Fierce and insidious, violent and slow ;  
 With all that urge or lure us on to Fate ;  
 What refuge shall we seek ? what arms prepare ?  
 Where Reason proves too weak, or void of wiles,  
 To cope with subtle or impetuous Powers,

## Preserving H E A L T H.

475 I would invoke new Passions to your aid :  
With indignation would extinguish Fear,  
With Fear or generous Pity vanquish Rage,  
And Love with Pride ; and force to force oppose.

THERE is a Charm : a Power that sways the breast ;  
480 Bids every Passion revel or be still ;  
Inspires with Rage, or all your Cares dissolves ;  
Can sooth Distraction, and almost Despair.  
That Power is Music : far beyond the stretch  
Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage ;  
485 Those clumsy Heroes, those fat-headed Gods,  
Who move no Passion justly but Contempt :  
Who, like our Dancers (light indeed and strong ! )  
Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.  
The fault is ours ; we bear those monstrous arts,  
490 Good Heaven ! we praise them : we, with loudest peals,  
Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels ;  
And with insipid shew of rapture, die  
Of ideot notes, impertinently long.  
But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,  
495 A Poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire ;  
Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,  
Imflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul ;  
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,  
In Love dissolves you ; now in sprightly strains  
500 Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast ;  
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad ;  
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.  
Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old  
Appeas'd the Fiend of melancholy Saul.  
505 Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,  
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,  
And tam'd the savage nations with his song :

And

And such the Thracian, whose harmonious lyre,  
 Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep ;  
 310 Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of Hell,  
 And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.  
 Music exalts each Joy, allays each Grief,  
 Expels Diseases, softens every Pain,  
 Subdues the rage of Poison, and the Plague ;  
 315 And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd  
 One Power of Physic, Melody, and Song.

*The E N D.*

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